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Let it all out *Give the Soviets their own medicine*

By Calvin Trillin

The senators who think we have to tear down the new American embassy in Moscow just because it's full of bugging devices have apparently never heard of the drone effect. It's a scientific phenomenon that I can explain in one sentence: The more someone has to listen to, the less he hears.

The breakthrough work on the drone effect was done during World War II by psychological researchers in the U.S. Army, working with Troop Information & Education lectures. The longer the lecture that soldiers were subjected to on personal hygiene, it was discovered, the dirtier they got.

Those who understand the principal of the drone effect understand that tearing down the embassy is the opposite of what we should do in Moscow. The point is not to keep the Soviets from overhearing anything but to force them to listen to absolutely everything.

I'm not talking about the bore bomb here. The bore bomb's different. I revealed the existence of the Russian bore bomb strategy back in 1974, although I didn't use the term then because it was still classified.

At the time of my discovery, I was going through the Soviet exhibition at a World's Fair in Spokane, peering at displays that thoroughly described, say, "an installation for gasification of highly sulfurous black oil."

Suddenly, I realized what should have been apparent years ago from those stories about how American communists used to take over organizations in the '30s by giving long speeches until everyone else got tired of waiting for the vote and went home: The communists have long been engaged in a conspiracy to bore the world into submission.

When I read that the KGB had planted bimbo-spies to seduce Marines guards at our embassy in Moscow, I realized that the bimbo-spies were probably equipped with bore bombs. I see a Marine saying to some sexy KGB colonel who has been working at the embassy as a window washer, "Ma'am, if you'd just promise not to say one more word about the Siberia-Krasnoyarsk Hydroelec-

tric Power station at Divnogorsk, you can have your way with me."

Getting into a bore bomb race with the Soviets would be futile. Even with the Senate on our side, we'd never catch up. A year or so ago, at the 27th congress of the Communist Party, Mikhail Gorbachev gave a speech that lasted one entire day. This is a speech to his supporters. Imagine the sort of damage he could inflict on an enemy!

The drone effect is a completely different piece of strategy. The way it works is this: We give absolutely everything the same security classification — top secret — and we send it all everywhere. We let the Soviets worry about picking out the good stuff.

For instance, I read somewhere that the new trade bill is something like 989 pages long. We should send a copy of it to the American embassy in Moscow, in a package that is marked in large letters "TOP SECRET."

The way I envision this, KGB translators begin poring over the bill, figuring that instructions from the State Department on medium-range missile policy are in there somewhere. Before they get half-way through, it, though, some bimbo-spy winks at a Marine guard and is given an 800-page Department of Agriculture report entitled "Farm Price Supports: A 30 Year Overview, Concentrating on But Not Exclusive to Soy Bean Pricing Structures." The KGB puts all translators on overtime.

Meanwhile, all packages to the American embassy in Moscow are marked in large letters "TOP SECRET." The KGB is reading everything, having no way of knowing where it might run across the NATO contingency battle plans for northern Europe — which happen to have been written into the Tax Reform Act of 1986, a document no human being has ever read in its entirety.

The best English translators in the KGB are getting glassy-eyed, and there's no end in sight. A junior clerk in the American embassy is reading the Congressional Record into the bug that is assumed to be in the downstairs powder room. Long memos that explain supply side economics are being placed in an area accessible to the cook, who is known to leave each night with every document she can lay her hands on, along with most of the rump roast.

The Soviets are buried in information.

Our embassy is secure, although the document glut has made it overcrowded. The State Department decides to build a another new embassy. The Soviets ask if we'd be terribly hurt if they didn't bug it.

(Calvin Trillin is an author and columnist.)



The new U.S. Embassy in Moscow